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Quaint London.

Describing a Number of Interesting
Relics of Old London.

BY
"OLD MORTALITY."

London:
TRUSLOVE & SHIRLEY,
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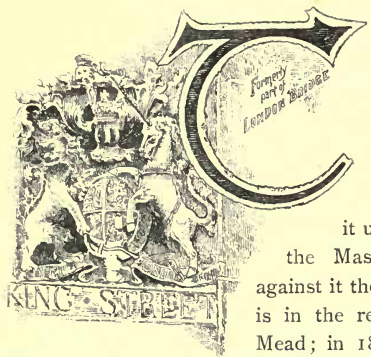
PREFACE.

THE following pages contain illustrations and particulars of a number of places and objects of historical interest, some being comparatively unknown both to residents of London and visitors, and may therefore be of help to those who are fond of seeking out the quaint and quiet spots with which our ancient Metropolis abounds.

To visitors the book will also form a souvenir of their visit to London.

Most of the illustrations are taken from the photographs of the Society for Photographing Relics of Old London, by permission of Mr. Alfred Marks.

INNER TEMPLE.



HE author of "The Good-Natured Man" has left his mark on the Inner Temple, situated near old Temple Bar, close by the Strand, and his name to the chambers now occupying Churchyard Court, as it used to be known. The house of

the Master of the Temple has placed against it the tombs of John Hiccocks (which is in the recumbent style) and of Samuel Mead; in 1860 a tombstone was erected to

the memory of the gentle Goldsmith, to whose genius we owe "The Vicar of Wakefield," and whose remains are stated to have been placed in the churchyard. Of the rooks, which formerly were a feature of Temple Gardens, Oliver Goldsmith remarks, "I have often amused myself with observing their plans of policy from my window in the Temple, that looks upon a grove where they have made a colony in the midst of the City." Charles Dickens might with truth say that there was at least one place "where the dew falls in London," and it is a pleasant recollection for those who have been charmed with the "sweet reasonableness" of Dr. Primrose to picture Goldsmith escaping from carking care, and (must we add) the importunities of the duns, to "my window in the Temple." Close to this is the ancient Temple Church itself, with a history and associations of the deepest interest.

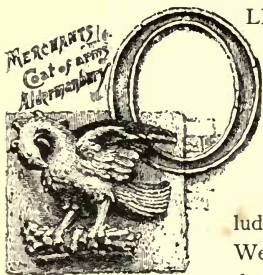


INNER TEMPLE
(GOLDSMITH'S MONUMENT).



ST. JOHN'S GATE.

S. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.



LD Clerkenwell must have been—nay, was—a pleasant suburb of London in ancient days. There was a well here—called Clerk's Well, because the parish clerks of London used to assemble every year to perform a play from Scripture history. In Richard II.'s time they played interludes before the King and Queen at Skinner's Well close by, for three days together, and in the reign of Henry IV. a play was given which lasted eight days—and no wonder, for it treated “of matter from the creation of the world.” People came from all parts of England to see it. Now the Wells have disappeared, the Fleet is imprisoned underground, and only the name of Turnmill Street preserves the memory of the pleasant clacking of mills which used to be heard here. In this agreeable suburb, Jorden Briset, baron, and Muriell, his wife, founded the Priory of S. John of Jerusalem, whose Knights' profession was to defend Christians against Pagans. Wat Tyler and his rebels burned it all down in a fire which lasted seven days. It was rebuilt, but the buildings were again destroyed at the Reformation, when the Church was blown up, and the stone taken to build the Protector's house—Somerset House, in the Strand. In the old Gateway tower still standing, shown in our picture, Edward Cave started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which Dr. Johnson was a great contributor. Johnson told Boswell that when he first saw S. John's Gate, he “beheld it with reverence.” It is now occupied by the S. John's Ambulance Society, and can be seen by permission.

"OLD FRIENDS."



R. HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A., whose picture, "Old Friends," is here reproduced by his generous permission, has in this subject immortalised one of those old shipping yards which are so fast disappearing from "Quaint London." The figure-heads on which the aged Greenwich pensioners, in their picturesque garb, are casting their wistful eyes, seem to carry with them "a whiff of the briny," and remind one of the figure-head carver, whose humble employment has been adorned with the halo of fiction by Mr. Walter Besant, in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." As the bowed figure of the old man, whose picture is drawn so vividly by Mr. Besant, surveys the work he was formerly engaged upon, the yard seems to fade into the distance of the past, and the figure-heads, which some day will ornament the bows of noble vessels, become to him living companions instead of inarticulate wood. So one may imagine these heroes of a hundred fights "bring back to memory the days of long ago," as they halt to gaze at the figure-heads of "Old Friends" before them. And here the "wooden walls of Old England" are brought after years of service have rendered them useless for all but forming part of a picture such as we have before us.





YELLOW CHAMBERS HALL

TALLOW-CHANDLERS' HALL,
DOWGATE HILL, CANNON STREET.

THE handsome Chimney-piece which forms the subject of this illustration may be found in the Court parlour. The Great Fire of London demolished the Hall which formerly stood on the site now occupied ; but the tallow-chandlers, loyal to their old home, rebuilt another edifice in 1672. The table, seen on the left-hand side of the illustration, was rescued from the flames of the Great Fire, of which Samuel Pepys gives a graphic picture.

"Everybody," said this interesting diarist, "endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off ; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of steps by the waterside to another."

"OLD BELL," HOLBORN.



THE "OLD BELL" is one of the few inns of the old type still left in London. The house is said to date from the early part of the 16th century.

The "Old Bell" still retains something of its renown as a coaching Inn. In the summer months the passer-by may see placards announcing the departure and arrival, not only of a daily omnibus, but also of an occasional coach—not an amateur revival, but a genuine survival from days before railways. Mr. William Black has introduced the "Old Bell" into "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," where he speaks of it as "an ancient hostelry which used, in bygone times, to send its relays of stage-coaches to Oxford, Cheltenham, Enfield, Abingdon, and a score of other places. Now from the quaint little yard, which is surrounded by frail and dilapidated galleries of wood, that tell of the grandeur of other days, there starts but a solitary omnibus, which daily whisks a few country people and their parcels down to Uxbridge, and Chalfont, and Amersham, and Wendover."

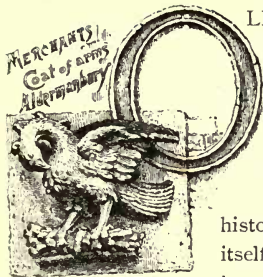


THE "OLD BELL"

HOLBORN



BARNARD'S INN.



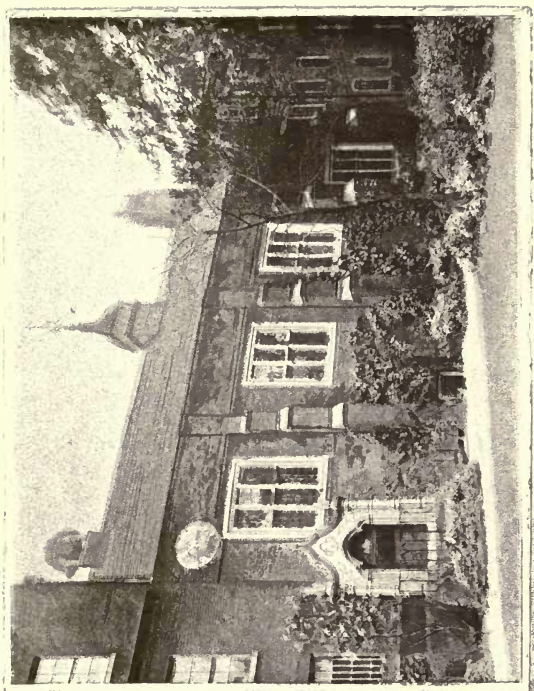
OLD BARNARD'S INN, Holborn, was anciently called Mackworth's Inn, from John Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln, who left it to the Dean and Chapter that they might provide a Chaplain to say masses for the repose of his soul. It was called "Barnard's Inn" after "one Barnard," of whom the historians of London tell us no more. The Hall itself—not visible in our picture, which gives the inner courtyard—is interesting as still showing the arrangement by which the smoke of a fire kindled on a hearth in the centre of the room was allowed to escape through an opening in the roof.

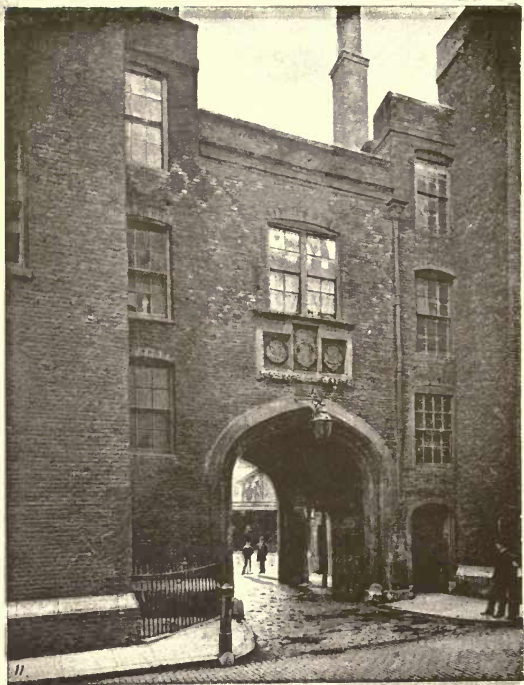
To those who know Barnard's Inn, and its old-world air, it will seem quite natural that the "last of the alchemists" pursued here his search for the Elixir of Life. This was Peter Woulfe, F.R.S., who died in 1805. His chambers were encumbered with furnaces and apparatus, and the walls covered with prayers to Providence for the success of his processes. To ensure a long day, he used to breakfast at four in the morning; and to guard against intrusion—and the possible theft of the Great Secret—friends were admitted only on giving a pre-arranged signal.

But Barnard's Inn is chiefly remarkable as the scene of many chapters in Dickens's "Great Expectations," for here Pip had at one time his quarters. The great novelist was perhaps hardly fair to the Inn, of which he once speaks as "the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tom-cats."

STAPLE INN HALL, HIGH HOLBORN.

IF tradition is to be trusted, this may be considered the Inn of the Merchants of the Staple. Even our old friend Stow, who is usually an authority on such subjects, dismisses the question as to the derivation of the title with the remark, "There is Staple Inn, but whereof so named I am ignorant." Established in 1415, the Inn has seen many changes. The Hall was rebuilt two hundred years after its foundation. The chief English staple commodities in which, it is reasonable to think, the merchants who founded this Inn dealt, were wool, skins, leather, tin, lead, and sometimes cloth, butter, and cheese. Customs were levied on these, and only certain persons who were privileged could trade in them. The refreshing sight of green grass between two of the busiest thoroughfares in London may still meet the eye of one who wanders out of the "hurly-burly" into the stillness of Staple's Inn, which resembles an Oxford quad. in its peaceful calm. The Holborn frontage of the Inn has recently been restored, and a fresher look has also been given to the other parts of this venerable place.





LINCOLN'S INN GATE HOUSE

LINCOLN'S INN GATE-HOUSE, CHANCERY LANE.

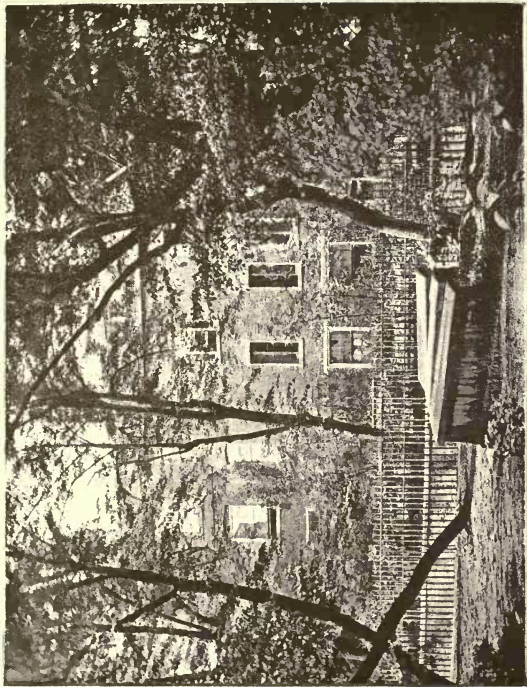
LINCOLN'S INN takes its name from Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who, in the thirteenth century, built here his "inne"—or "house," as we should say now—on the site of a house of Black or Augustinian Friars. Sir Thomas Savell built the Gate-House, Chancery Lane, in the reign of Henry VIII. It bears the date 1518. There is a tradition that Ben Jonson, fresh from college at Cambridge, worked as a bricklayer on the later buildings of Lincoln's Inn—with "a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket." Perhaps he did; his stepfather was a bricklayer, and Ben was taken into the business, and worked at it for about a year before he took to writing plays.

The Gate-House of Lincoln's Inn is one of the few ancient gate-houses still remaining in London, and is now entirely occupied by the legal fraternity. The others are the Gate-Houses of Lambeth Palace, the Priory of S. John's, Clerkenwell, and S. James's Palace.

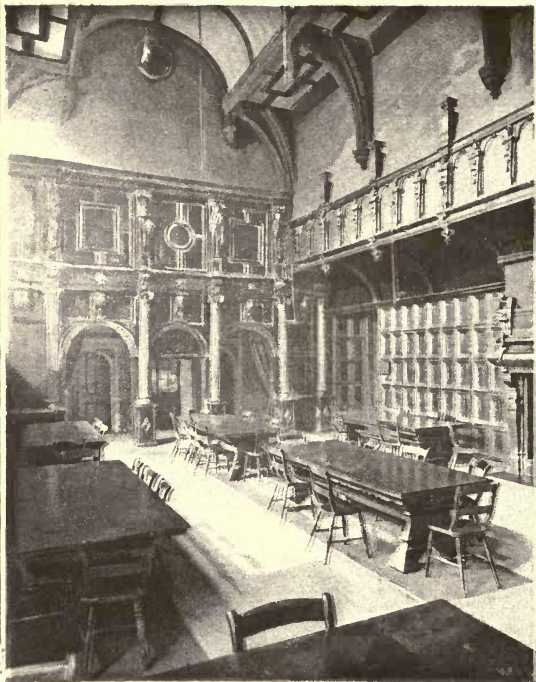
CHURCHYARD OF S. LAWRENCE POUNTNEY, CANNON STREET.



THIS Church in old times possessed the finest tower and spire within the City, and was a most conspicuous object in the beautiful view across the river from Bankside. It was destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt; but portions of its wall are still to be seen in the fronts of houses at the north-west corner of the Churchyard. This is, perhaps, the most picturesque of all those City churchyards which Dickens, the Arch-Londoner, as we may call him, has described for us in his "Uncommercial Traveller," throwing the magic of his fancy, like a glamour, over every brick and stone of the Great City, whose genius he seems to be. Here, in the days of Edward III., the journeymen weavers coming to be hired by the weaver-Flemings and the weavers of Brabant, the hiring fair ended but too often in a fight, until the Mayor and Aldermen ordered that the Brabant weavers should do their hiring in the Churchyard of S. Mary Somerset, leaving the Churchyard of S. Lawrence to the Flemings. The Church was called Pountney from a benefactor, Sir John Pountney, draper, and four times Mayor of London.



CHURCHYARD STAIRCASE - JOURNEY



CHARTERHOUSE GREAT HALL.

THE CHARTERHOUSE.



SCARCELY any public building in London is so full of interest as the Charterhouse. A strange history it has. Its site, near to Smithfield, was used as a burial-ground during the awful visitation of the Black Death. Ralph Stratford and Sir Walter Manny bought *No Man's Land* and *Spittle Croft*, and gave them to bury the dead

in. Here over 50,000 persons were buried in a single year, 1349; and here, twenty years later, Sir Walter Manny founded THE CHARTERHOUSE

—a corruption, by-the-bye, of the “Chartreuse,” from which monastery the original monks came. Its history is a blank for 200 years. Then Henry VIII., in spite of the petition of the Londoners—who begged that it might be spared for the sake of the poor—suppressed it, having first hanged, drawn, and quartered Prior Houghton, and set up his dismembered limbs over one of the gateways. The Charterhouse now became a gentleman’s mansion, whose successor sold the property to the Duke of Norfolk for £2,500—about £50,000 of our present money. It was then called Howard House.

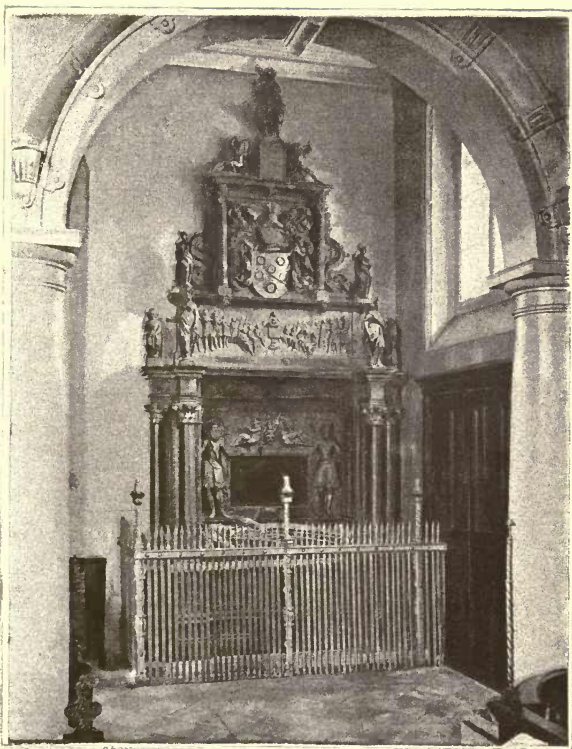
Norfolk got into trouble about Mary Queen of Scots. He wrote letters in cipher, and the key to the cipher was found under the tiles of the roof of the Charterhouse, and the Duke made an edifying end on Tower Hill. The son of this Duke sold the Charterhouse to Sir THOMAS SUTTON, the richest merchant of his day. He wished to devote his great wealth to the endowment of some great

THE CHARTERHOUSE—(*Continued*).

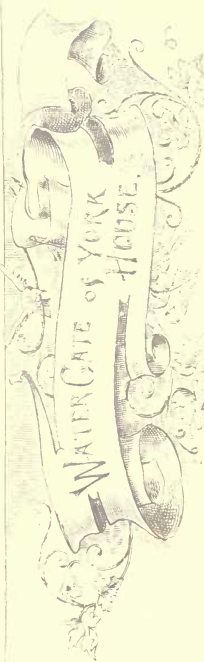
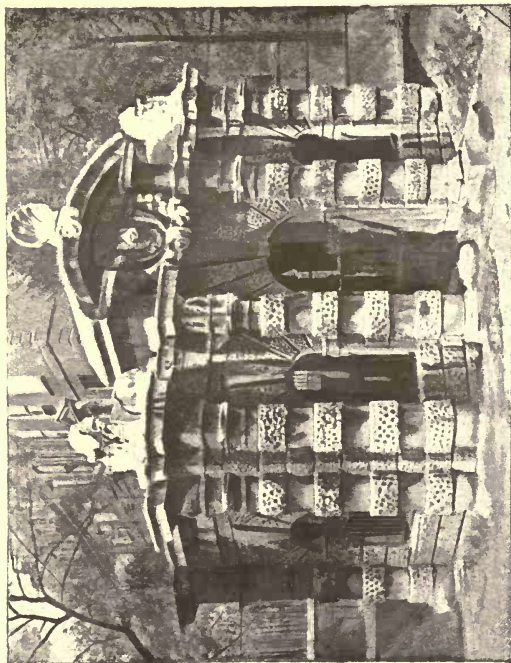
Foundation, and at last he fixed on the Charterhouse. Sutton's scheme was for a hospital for poor men (who had at one time been householders) and a free school for the teaching and maintenance of poor children and scholars. The original school is now removed to Godalming, and the Merchant Taylors keep school in the old Charterhouse. The Poor Brothers remain. They dine in the Great Hall, the decorations of which, as well as the Grand Staircase, are almost entirely the work of the Duke of Norfolk. The works of Thackeray, who was educated here, abound in reference to "Grey Friars," as he calls the Charterhouse. To its quiet cloisters and ancient halls and courtyards came, as a Poor Brother, Colonel Newcome, old and broken down. In the chapel he sat on Founder's Day, bowed and bent, the Order of the Bath on his breast, over his black gown. Hence he departed, one evening, when, the chapel-bell having finished tolling, "a sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quietly said, '*Adsum*,' and fell back."

The Founder's Tomb, built mainly of alabaster, was not completed till 1615. It is in the chapel, which is described in "The Newcomes": "The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and the Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings and monster heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day."

The Brethren attend prayers every day at 9.30 and 6, in the chapel, and visitors are admitted by permission of the Chaplain.



FOUNDER'S MONUMENT



YORK HOUSE AND ITS WATER-GATE.



A
From West side of
OLD LUDGATE

INTERIOR to the Victoria Embankment, that distinguished addition to the sights of London, stood a landing-place, known as York Stairs, where the "jolly young waterman" of those days plied his trade. The Water-gate is the sole remaining

relic of York House, which formerly occupied the site now covered by Buckingham Street and Villiers Street, Strand. This mansion became the town residence of the Archbishop of York when the magnificent Palace at Whitehall had passed into the hands of the Crown. It was not the first occasion that it had lodged Episcopal dignitaries beneath its roof, for the Bishops of Norwich had used it as an inn. At York House the great Chancellor, Lord Bacon, lived for a time in close proximity to his birthplace. King James I., in 1624, made a present of the house to the first Duke of Buckingham, who at once pulled it down and built in its place a mansion of costlier style, and the Duke is said to have erected the Water-gate. Two widely differing celebrities resided close to the old gate—Peter the Great, who had come to England to acquire a knowledge of shipbuilding, and Samuel Pepys, who was then writing his "Diary" in those curious shorthand characters of his.

THE LONDON STONE.

Statue of Guy, Earl of Warwick
Corner of Warwick Lane



IN Cannon Street stands The London Stone, which is of very remote origin, and one of the oldest antiquities of London. It has been supposed to be a Roman milestone, and was probably a Saxon coronation stone, which would account for the reverence in which it was always held.

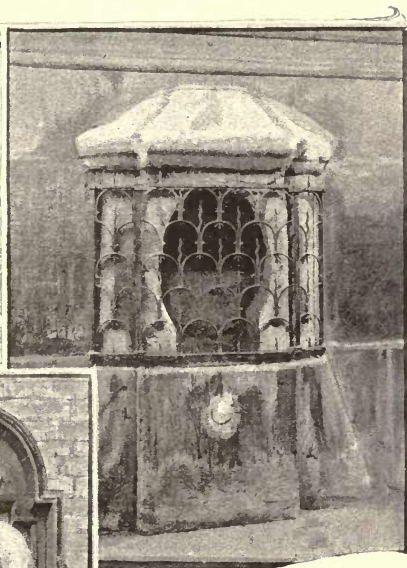
Certainly it existed in the time of Æthelstan, grandson of Alfred the Great.

When Jack Cade (who claimed to be Mortimer, Earl of March, and lawful heir to the crown) invaded London, "he rode through divers streets of the City, and as he came by London Stone he strake it with his sword, and said, 'Now is Mortimer lorde of this city.'" Most likely Cade did this in accordance with some ancient custom.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that, of the City's cost, the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign.—SHAKESPEARE (2nd part of "King Henry VI.").

The chained bear, with a monogram and the date 1670, is a sign, or more probably, the crest of the owner of a house formerly 6, Lower Thames Street. It was carefully built into the modern house now standing on its site.

The
CHAINED
BEAR



The LONDON STONE



OLD HOUSES IN DUNDEE

OLD HOUSES IN DRURY LANE.



THE gabled house was formerly the "Cock and Pye," a house of entertainment in the reign of Henry VII. It then looked over fields, where, towards the close of James the First's reign, the upper end of Wych Street was begun. The following was the origin of the sign, and of Master Shallow's oath, "By cock and pye."

In the days of chivalry it was the fashion to take vows for the performance of doughty deeds. The knight often took this vow at a feast, swearing by the peacock, which noble bird was brought in roasted, and dressed in all his feathers, on a golden dish, carried by ladies. Long after this, peacock-pie was still a favourite dish, and it is easy to suppose that the recollection of the old peacock-vows gave birth to the jesting oath, "By cock and pie."

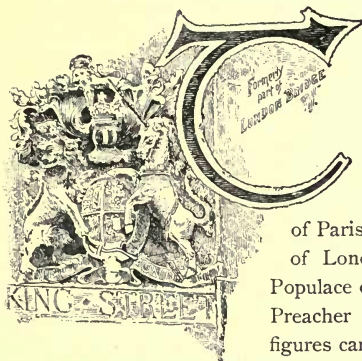
The Church in the background is S. Mary-le-Strand, on whose site once stood the famous Maypole—

"Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall Maypole once o'erlooked the Strand,
But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the saints of Drury Lane."

The Dunciad.

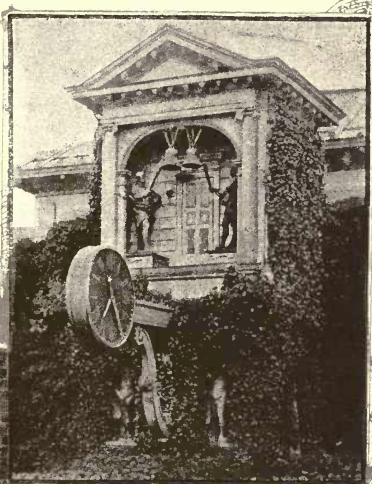
The narrow turning, now Drury Court, was once called Maypole Lane. Here, in 1661, a Maypole 134 ft. high was erected, "By the gracious consent of his Sacred Majesty Charles II., . . . as near hand as they could guess in the very same pit where the former stood, but far more glorious, bigger, and higher than ever any that stood before it. . . . Ancient people did clap their hands, saying, 'Golden days begin to appear.'"

CLOCK OF OLD S. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-WEST.



THE figures striking the hours and quarters at S. Dunstan's-in-the-West, set up in 1671, were long one of the most popular minor sights of London — "More admired," said the scandalised Company of Parish Clerks, in their "New Remarks of London," 1732, "by many of the Populace on *Sundays* than the most elegant Preacher from the Pulpit within." The figures can still be seen in Regent's Park, and do duty every quarter of an hour.

The Boy at Pie Corner was put up to commemorate the staying of the Great Fire, which, beginning at Pudding Lane, was ascribed to the "sin of gluttony" (when not attributed to the Papists, as on the Monument), and the boy was made prodigiously fat to enforce the moral. He is built into the front of a public-house, called "The Fortune of War," at the corner of Giltspur Street and Cock Lane, which was the chief house of call, on the north of the river, for resurrectionists in body-snatching days. Years ago the landlord used to show the room—he may yet do so—where, on benches round the walls, the bodies used to be placed (labelled with the snatchers' names), waiting till the surgeons at S. Bartholomew's, close by, could run round and appraise them.

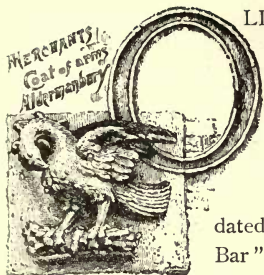


ST DUNSTON'S in the WEST.

The Boy
AT THE CORNER



TEMPLE BAR.

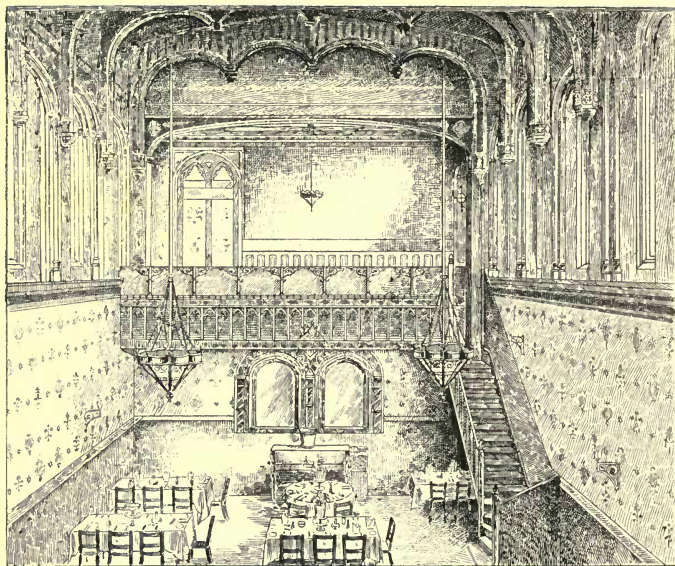


OLD TEMPLE BAR, which marked the western boundary of the City, adjoining the Strand, was one of the most interesting landmarks in ancient London, prior to its removal and re-erection at Sir Henry B. Meux's park, Cheshunt. The earliest known document relating to Temple Bar is dated 1327. After the Great Fire of London "the Bar" was rebuilt (1670-72) by Sir Christopher Wren, at a cost of £1,397, from a design taken

from an old temple at Rome.

Temple Bar has looked down on many a pageant and many a tragic scene. Through its gates have passed the body of Henry VII., the hero of Agincourt, on its way to Westminster, and the hearse of Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII., which halted here when conveyed to the Tower. In contrast with these events was the procession of Anne Boleyn on her way to the Tower, the day prior to her coronation, for Temple Bar has played an important part in almost every event connecting the City with the Court and national life. The gruesome custom of placing the heads of traitors upon the Bar remained in force till late in the eighteenth century. The spikes upon which they were supported were removed in the reign of George III. A "Griffin," erected by the Corporation, now marks the site of Old Temple Bar.

It was an ancient custom, whenever the Sovereign approached the City in state, to close the doors of Temple Bar, as a sign that the Lord Mayor is paramount within City bounds, and the Sovereign knocked and craved and received permission to enter from the Sheriffs waiting inside, and this ceremony was actually repeated by Her Majesty in 1872.



CROSBY HALL

THIS interesting specimen of Early Domestic Gothic architecture, still standing in Bishopsgate Street, belongs to the period when the merchant princes began to take rank with the nobles of the Court, and derives its name from Sir John Crosbie, M.P. for London, Alderman, Sheriff, and Mayor

of the Staple of Calais. This gallant merchant, who was knighted for his valour in resisting the attack made on the City by the Bastard Falconbridge, built Crosby Hall on land bequeathed to him by Alice Ashfield, prioress of St. Helen's, where a recumbent tomb of himself and his wife was erected after his death, in 1475, four years after Crosby Hall was completed. Shakespeare, as an old assessment roll for levying subsidies (dated October 1, 1598) shows, was an inhabitant of the parish of St. Helen's, and thus had admirable opportunity of making himself familiar with Crosby Hall, in which part of the scene in "Richard III." is laid. It was here that Richard was offered the crown, in the Council Chamber of the Hall, by the Mayor, Sir Thomas Billesden, and a deputation of citizens. *Apropos* of which, Sir Thomas More notices the astuteness of Richard, who, he quaintly says, "Lodged hymself in Crosbeye's Place, when by little and little all folks drew unto, so that the Protector had the Court, and the King was in a manner left desolate." Here, too, in the magnificent Banqueting Hall, during the mayoralty of Sir Bartholomew Reed, to whom, in 1501, Crosby Place was assigned by the executors of Sir John Crosby, the ambassador from Maximillian of Germany was entertained. Many other sumptuous feasts held here are mentioned by Stow. The old Palace passed through many hands, among its possessors being Antonio Bonvici, to whom Sir Thomas More wrote the touching letter published in his Life by Roper, his son-in-law. Sir Thomas Darcy, Sir John Spencer, Lord Compton (afterwards created Earl of Northampton), Sir John Langham—in whose occupancy the great Banqueting Hall became a warehouse—also successively owned this Hall. In 1672 the Upper Hall was converted into a meeting-house, where Thomas Watson, previously Rector of S. Stephen's, Walbrook, preached. He was

the author of a tract, "Heaven Taken by Storm," to which has been attributed the conversion of Colonel Gardiner. In 1836, owing to the exertions of Miss Hackett, the Hall was partially restored by public subscription, and opened by the Lord Mayor, W. J. Copeman, M.P., and a banquet in the Old English style celebrated the event. After subsequently being occupied by a literary and scientific society, it has become a large restaurant, the leading features of its architecture being carefully preserved.



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